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# Puck

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A SENATORIAL DESPERADO.  
"TAKE MY SILVER OR I'LL TAKE YOUR LIFE!"



**PUCK,**  
**PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.**

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Editor - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

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## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

### AS TO PARTY AND CONSCIENCE.

IT IS nowadays a foolish fashion of certain newspapers to hold up non-partisanship and avoidance of party ties and responsibilities as a praiseworthy thing, and to discourage all local pride by a constant and irritant caviling and carping, right and wrong, in season and out of season, at the conditions of civic life that surround them. We can not too strongly warn the young American that such journals are the most evil guides he can meet. Such doctrines are taught, for the most part, by men who have neglected their duties as citizens, and who seek to make a virtue of delinquency. As a matter of fact, nothing ever was done, in public affairs, from founding a dynasty to introducing a new system of drainage, without party organization supported by party fealty; and the man who is not in love with his own town and his own state is of no more account, as a citizen, than the Chinaman tied by his pigtail to an alien religion and an alien civilization. Every man who is fit to have an opinion and a home ought to stand by his party and his people, and be ready to make sacrifices for them until they ask him to make the sacrifice of his conscience and his honor. But to say that through such affiliations a man may make the best use of his citizenship is not to say that they are not susceptible of abuse of the most mischievous sort. The citizen who has sold his conscience to his party or to the selfish interests of his locality has lost all that gave his citizenship its worth. And, in the silver states, that appears to be the time when they send him to the United States Senate. Our readers know that we have more than once commented on the audacity of the Republican party in bucking against the clearly expressed will of the people in the matter of tariff reform and of Federal interference in national elections. But if it was audacity in a powerful minority to domineer over the bulk of the populace, what shall we say of the impudence of the handful of Senators who for weeks have delayed the legislation which is necessary for the country's credit and for the health of her commerce and her finance? Only this: that they learned their politics in a school where *abuse* of allegiance to party and to locality has too long been taught; and that the example of the Republican party, for the last ten years, has perverted their minds from all healthy patriotism. Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge's remarks on the duty of submission to the majority are sweet and seemly to hear and to read; but if he really believes as he talks, why does not he himself move the repeal of the law creating Federal Inspectors of Elections? Yet it is sorry business turning the joke of Mr. Lodge's broken-back logic on himself. He has been urging his party to the most patriotic work it has been at in a decade; and he has had our best wishes for the success of his brains and his energy. But in honesty we must say of the filibusterers who have kept bread out of honest men's mouths

by their efforts in behalf of financial stringency, that they picked up their cue where he picked up his Force Bill and where mediæval McKinley picked up his tariff notions — in the reign of a party that carried partisanship and local self-seeking to the extreme of disgraceful abuse.

### CONCERNING TWO KINDS OF LAWLESSNESS.

We Americans have a habit of sternly denouncing certain objectionable acts as "un-American." We thus style those alien reformers who seek to renovate the social fabric by blasting the law to atoms. There is one form of unlawful violence, however, that we have not yet heard so designated. Lynching seems to be strictly an American institution. This may largely account for the complacency with which we accept it. We have lately had valuable examples of these two forms of lawlessness: — the one condemning law and weakly advising its overthrow; the other boldly breaking the law. In New York is a little band of unwashed aliens calling themselves Anarchists. Dizzied with the unwonted freedom allowed them by American institutions, they foolishly mistake the scope of that freedom. Several of them were lately arrested for attempting to incite riot. One has been sentenced to six months' imprisonment. Another, a blatant, empty-headed, notoriety-seeking woman, awaits trial. Meantime their free brethren continue to meet and drink beer and denounce Capital and discuss ways to throttle the Government of the United States — and drink beer. They might, perhaps, make a serious attempt to overthrow the Government, but the policeman on the beat won't allow any such thing. When one of these poor devils pushes the law a little too closely, in his amiable effort to get his hands at the throat of Capital, and is very properly sent to the Island for it, the country shudders in horror. Ominous surmises are thrown out as to the safety of our cherished institutions, and the dreadful menace of this un-American movement. In affairs like the one that lately disgraced Roanoke, there is more real menace to American institutions than Herr Most and his followers could draw from all the beer brewed since the days of Gambrinus. And yet, because lynching is so truly American, we have not awakened to the awful horror of it. It is time we did awaken. Every American should not only be ashamed that there is a section of his country that tolerates such savagery; but he should be genuinely alarmed at the incessant overriding of the law; for, if law can not prevail, it is time for Anarchy to step in and teach us how to deal with the invader. One gratifying feature of the Roanoke affair is that nine of the mob were killed, and many more were wounded. It should serve as an encouraging precedent to every sheriff who is called upon to sacrifice a prisoner. It is asserted that the men killed at Roanoke were spectators, rather than active participants in the mob's violence. This brings out a principle of mob action that seems not to be generally comprehended: the essential spirit of a lynching mob is cowardice, it depends upon numbers; half-a-dozen men do the actual work, but every man who is present is equally guilty with the leaders, whether he actively sympathizes with the movement, or is held only by curiosity. Following the lynching of the negro at Roanoke came a scene that would disgrace the most savage land to which we send Christian missionaries. The body of the negro was burned, and around it, we are told, danced the men who refer, with swelling breasts, to "Southern chivalry." Law can not pay too much to triumph over the men who flagrantly defy its power. They are a thousand times more dangerous to society than the men who, although they do not violate the law, contend that law is a mistake. We see but one sure way to discourage lynch law. It was tried at Roanoke. It was unsuccessful, but it has been endorsed by public sentiment, and it should be a guiding light to the authorities in the next encounter between law and lawlessness.

### IDENTITY.



OMEWHERE beyond newspaper space,  
In Chestnut land, in Limbo land,  
Two threadbare fakes met face to face  
And bade each other stand.

And each one asked the other's name,  
And how he had come there, and why;  
One said, "I am the Leap-year joke,"  
And one, "The Campaign Lie."

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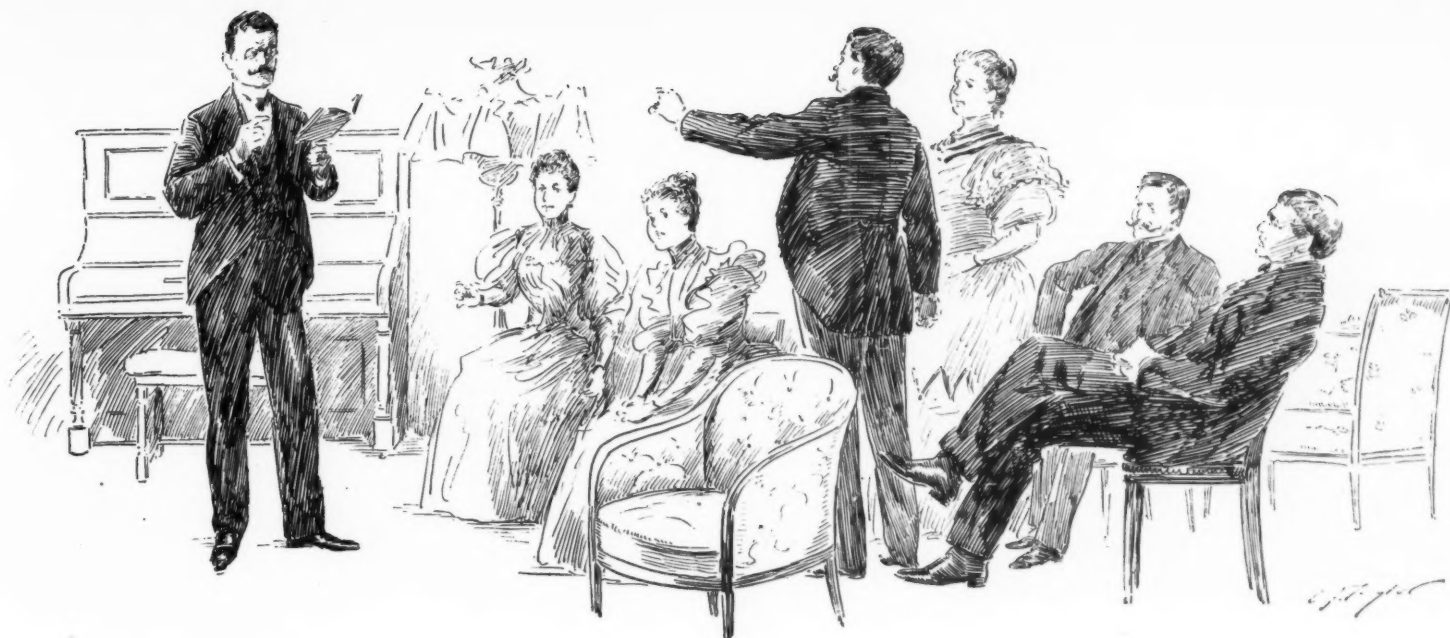
### HARMLESS.

LUNATIC (*screaming*). — Ar-r-r-r! Blood! blood! blood! Murder, fire, death and destruction! Ar-r-r-r-r-r!

VISITOR. — My stars! I guess I'll be getting out of here. That fellow is dangerous.

KEEPER. — Oh, no! He is perfectly harmless. Thinks he is Governor Waite, of Colorado.





## A REHEARSAL.

*Somebody's Drawing-room. Incomplete and partial muster of the amateurs who are to present "MARSHMALLOW'S MISTAKE," if they can ever get ready. THE MEN silent and unhappy, with a general ante-dentist's-chair look. THE WOMEN chattering together about everything on earth except the play.*

THE MANAGER.—Come, it's past eight; we must get to work if we mean to do anything to-night. Attention, if you please.

"I beg your pardon; but you did n't hear, perhaps?"

"As I just said, it's past eight o'clock.

"We really must begin.

"Won't you listen a moment?"

"Kindly take your places.

"Why, I can't hear myself speak!

"Hark an instant!

"Silence!"

THE MANAGER.—On stage, Lord Chiltern Hundreds—

SOMEBODY.—Harry's at the office, splitting percentages.

THE MANAGER.—Well, I'll read his part. The Marquis of Marshmallow.

SOMEBODY ELSE.—Jack could n't come. His oldest boy's got a button in his ear.

THE MANAGER.—I'll have to read his part, too. Boggs, the Butler.

BOGGS, THE BUTLER.—I say, old man, I've only just come to tell you I must go away again. The Magnificent Monarchs of the Misty Mountaintops are going to give me the ninety-seventh degree. (*Vanishes.*)

THE MANAGER.—Then I'll have to read his part. Grimes, the Gamekeeper. (*Silence.*) Captain Majoribanks of the Guards. (*Silence.*) Farmer Frubbs. (*Silence.*) Detective Ketchum, of Scotland Yard. (*Silence.*) All absent and unaccounted for. I'll have to read their parts, too. Only I hope somebody may kindly remember next time that I am not a Protean change artist. Where are the others?

AMUSED NON-PARTICIPANT.—You're all there now—Lord Chiltern Hundreds, the Marquis and Boggs, the Butler, and the rest of 'em.

THE MANAGER (*rattled*).—Why, so I am. There's no sense in reading these parts to myself, that's certain. Come, let's try the next scene. Reception room at the castle. This table's a piano and this piano's a table and this chair's a divan and this other chair's a fire-place and this little stand's a brazen statue of William, the Conqueror.

THE INEVITABLE GIRL WHO HAS PLAYED IN IT BEFORE.—When we gave this piece in Cheboygan, we had the statue at the back.

THE PESTIFEROUS PERSON WHO HAS SEEN IT DONE BY PROFESSIONALS.—At the Stryker's Lane Theatre they put it on the other side.

DISAPPOINTED AMATEUR AUTHOR (*apart*).—Now, if they'd have performed my "Dorothy Dow," which I freely offered them, they would n't have had any statue to bother with at all.

THE MANAGER (*flurried*).—Oh, well, we'll fix that later! Lady Geraldine Grandcourt on stage, please. You're sitting on the divan, you know.

LADY GERALDINE GRANDCOURT (*ending a chat*).—And so I had it fried in butter, after all. I'm ready, Mr. Cutwoods. (*Sits.*) What, not here? You said this chair was the divan.

THE WOMEN.—If crinoline's coming in I'm not going out, that's all; for never, never will I—wear a crimson skirt and dance with an auburn-haired man—who sent me a perfectly angelic basket filled with—very small, green crabs—first painted and then baked at the pottery for three whole days—and he wrote that, if I did n't wear a bunch of them in my hair, he'd know that—thin sandwiches and weak tea—would make any girl attractive.

(*Instantaneous hush. Then—*)

ALL (*aside*).—How rude!

THE MANAGER.—No; I said *this* chair was the divan. *That* chair's a table.

LADY GERALDINE.—Then, what's the table?

THE MANAGER.—The table's a piano.

LADY GERALDINE.—Then what's the piano?

THE MANAGER.—The piano's another table.

LADY GERALDINE.—Mercy! I can't see why you don't have the piano a piano and the table a table, instead of mixing the furniture up in this heart-breaking way.

THE MANAGER (*irritated*).—Because the things are n't in the right places as they stand, and it's too much trouble to change them.

LADY GERALDINE (*unconvinced*).—But a table's a table, and a piano's a piano.

THE INEVITABLE GIRL.—When we gave this piece in Cheboygan, Michigan, we had a *tête-à-tête* instead of a divan, and it was much better.

THE PESTIFEROUS PERSON.—At the Stryker's Lane Theatre they used an ordinary sofa.

THE AUTHOR (*apart*).—In my "Dorothy Dow" there's a scene which calls for all three.

THE MANAGER (*impatient*).—Oh, don't talk! (*Reading.*) "I tell you, Lady Geraldine, that this can not be."

LADY GERALDINE.—Who are you, Mr. Cutwoods?

THE MANAGER.—I'm the Marquis. (*Reading.*) "M' lud, there's a female person o' 'umble haspect houtside, which she hexpresses hextraordinary heagerness to—"

LADY GERALDINE.—Who are you now?

THE MANAGER.—I'm Boggs, the Butler.

THE PERSON.—At the Stryker's Lane Theatre, Boggs cut all of that speech.

THE GIRL.—When we gave this piece in Cheboygan, Michigan—

THE AUTHOR (*apart*).—There's a better butler in "Dorothy Dow."

THE MANAGER (*regardless, reading*).—"Ungrateful boy! How dare you contract so base and unworthy an alliance?" Where's the Captain?

NON-PARTICIPANT.—You're the Captain.

THE MANAGER.—Then where's Grimes, the gamekeeper?

NON-PARTICIPANT.—You're Grimes, the gamekeeper.

THE MANAGER.—And Farmer Frubbs, and Ketchum of Scotland Yard?

NON-PARTICIPANT.—You're both of them. Talk of doubling up! Why, you're sextupling up!

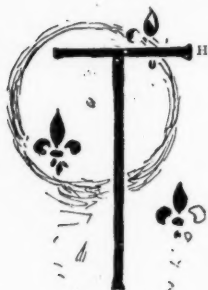
PERPLEXED POTPOURRI.—"Out of my sight, gee-ur! and know that"—the curse scene in "Dorothy Dow" is worth ten of this—and I fancy that Dick Skyborder of the Stryker's Lane Theatre knows his profession at least as well as—"Grimes th' gamekeeper, who carried y' 'Onor's spare gun"—when we gave this piece in Cheboygan, Michigan—"while these ancient effigies of my family seem to say"—we're all going to throw up our parts—"for I, George Reginald Francis Ferrens Neville, Marquis of Marshmallow, solemnly declare"—that this whole play will be a blooming failure—"while I, Rupert Edwin Faulkner Merlin, Lord Chiltern Hundreds, do as solemnly assert that"—any man who acts in it will be a blooming fool!

THE MANAGER (*exhausted*).—I'm perfectly willing. It's decided that we won't play this piece.

THE AUTHOR (*eagerly*).—Let me re-read you "Dorothy Dow!"

Manley H. Pike.

### KNOCKING THE TEETH OUT OF AN OLD SAW.



THE JOYS of anticipation,  
Though by us greatly prized,  
Are sometimes, in realization,  
Much more than realized.

This is the case when glowing  
With joy all else above,  
We pluck the best flower blowing  
Within the Garden of Love.

The pains of anticipation  
By which we're exercised  
Are, in the realization,  
Of more than realized.

This is the case when the truant,  
With anguish more than sick,  
Jumps wildly about, pursuant  
To a scheme to dodge the stick.

*R. K. Munkittrick.*

### THE CAPITOL AT FAULT.

"The British governmental system is superior to the American in some ways."

"How?"

"Well, in the House of Commons there is n't room for all the members."

### A CONTAMINATING PRESS.

MISS INNIT.—The girl of to-day can not read the newspapers with profit.

QUILL (*reporter*).—No; she'll find all her doings in society and a sketch of her life in them.

### A PROMISING OFFICER.

SMYTHE.—I hear that Ex-Alderman McSwag is going on the force. Quite a fall, that!

TOMPKINS.—Yes; but if his pull only proves as efficacious in getting loafers into the station-house as it hitherto has in getting them out, he'll be a terror!

WITHIN a cloud of silk she comes  
To do the serpentine;  
And when she kicks, her little feet,  
Though few, are far between.



### AN INSULT.

DUSTY RHODES.—It's no use going to that house; I tried it once.

FITZ WILLIAM.—Did n't give you nothin'?

DUSTY RHODES.—I ast her fer some clothes, and she offered me a bathin' suit.

### A REAL NOVELTY.

"An extraordinary thing happened in Kocktale's saloon yesterday."

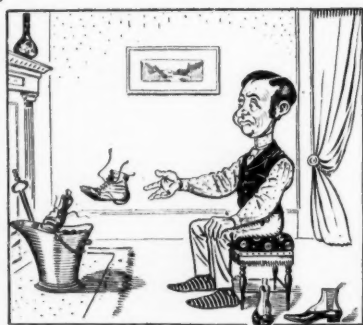
"What was it?"

"Three men were drinking together, and the bartender handed the change to the right man."

WHAT MAKES the moon so chastely white  
Against the ebon vault of night,  
While dropping down the starry slope?  
Maquasalem's Hanky Panky soap.

### OFF WITH THE NEW LOVE; ON WITH THE OLD.

AN EXPERIENCE WE HAVE ALL HAD.



I.



II.



III.



IV.



V.



VI.



VII.



VIII.



## A KIND OF ANARCHIST.



OH, MY name is Gottlieb Goulash,  
And I am an anarchist,  
And my words to all are thunder  
When I wave and shake my fist.

Loud I howl about oppression  
And the rich man's happy lot,  
And advise the use of bomb-shells,  
And of powder and of shot.

I harangue them thus with fervor  
Till they hold me very dear —  
But I'm only out for money,  
And I sell them lots of beer.

## AT WEST POINT.

VIOLET BOWERS (*being shown the sights*). — Who is that splendid-looking fellow walking up and down so proudly with a gun?

Everybody seems to be admiring him.

CADET FLATBACK. — That's Hotspur — walloped a fourth-class man. He's got to do sixty hours extra guard duty and may be court-martialed.

VIOLET BOWERS. — And what do you suppose is the matter with this poor fellow coming? He looks as if something awful had happened to him.

CADET FLATBACK. — No wonder; he's just been reported for having a button off the tail of his dress-coat.

## FREE THOUGHT.

JASPAR. — The older a man grows the more liberal he becomes in his opinions, as a rule.

JUMPUPPE. — Yes. He becomes so liberal that he lavishes his opinions on everybody who will listen to him.

## ACCOUNTED FOR.

"My dear boy, your ideas are simply crazy."

"Eh — well, forgive me, old man. I lived in Kansas for three years, you know."

## HELD WHAT HE CAUGHT.

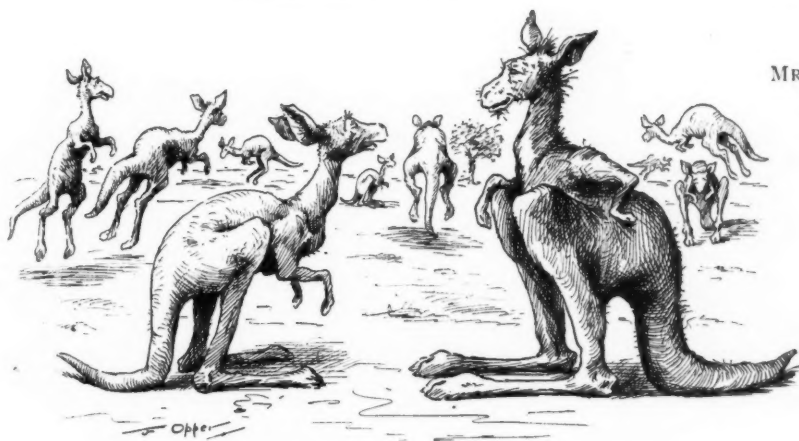
CARRUTHERS. — What did you hold when you called Brobson, and he showed down four aces?

WAITE. — I? Oh! — er — I held my breath!

## REALISM.

Your eyes are stars that beam with heaven's light,  
Across whose rays your snowy eyelids pass;  
But stars are fairest, love, at dead of night, —  
So, please permit me to turn down the gas.

Roe L. Hendrick.



## NECESSARY REPOSE.

HOSTESS. — You don't seem to be enjoying the hop, Mr. Springer — I hope you're not bored.

MR. SPRINGEE. — Oh, not at all, Mrs. Leaps. — I'm merely saving my strength for the annual athletic games, to-morrow. I'm going to try to break the record in the high jump.

## HER VOCATION ASSURED.

PATER. — I'm much worried about my second girl.

READ. — Why so?

PATER. — She seems to care for nothing but reading trash and drivel. She even writes and talks it.

READ. — My boy, she is the born editress of a "Talks With Our Girls" column, or even a "Women's Page" in full, in any of our leading dailies.

## HIRED THEIR OWN VEHICLE.

"Did you walk through Switzerland, Noorich?"

"Oh, no! Mrs. N. and me traveled *à la carte* all the time."

## OUT OF A JOB.

The chilly blasts of Autumn steal  
About the meadows gray,  
And make the base-ball player feel  
As the actor feels in May.



## SUICIDAL PRECAUTIONS.

JACK. — I declare, if Miss Sears is n't getting gray!

JESS. — No wonder, poor thing; she has had so much trouble to conceal her age.

## A SLANDER REFUTED.

MRS. TRAFALGAR-SQUARE. — But Chicago is a very new place, is it not?

MISS PORKINGHAM. — No, indeed; I once saw the man who founded it. He was extremely old, and Papa told me he was quite young when he settled Chicago.

## HIS LIMIT.

"How late did you sit in the poker game, last night, Jack?"

"Oh, until about \$43.50."

THE WAGES of sin are very often fat dividends on watered stocks.



NOTHING EMPHASIZES the fact that there is no accounting for taste more than the way some people admire themselves.

MORAL COURAGE is the ability to resist the temptation of taking the short end of a bad bet at long odds.



## A SCOTCH CONSIDERATION.

DONALD.—I feel the need o' a wife, Katie dear. I hae a wee bit siller pit by, an' if ye'll consaint ter marry me—

KATIE.—I thank ye, Donald, mon; an' I ken nabody I'd be mair like ta marry—but, —ye mind, if I marry again I lose nine dollars th' month o' pansion money!

## THE PRIZE FIGHT AT MUD KNOB.



HE POLICEMAN at the station did not think much about it, when two clean-shaven, thick-set men stepped off the afternoon train and asked to be directed to Mud Knob. But when two other men, who were evidently unacquainted with the first pair, asked him to direct them to the same place, he thought it a little strange, but did not regard it in a serious, professional light. About fifteen minutes later, another policeman told the first that he had met a man out in the woods looking for Mud Knob, and still another on a back road looking for the same establishment.

Then the two policemen became very suspicious, and said, "I'll bet there's going to be a prize fight up there to-night, and the boys have n't got the right directions to the place."

Mud Knob is the name of an unpretentious house in the most fashionable portion of a small but growing New Jersey town.

The two policemen, having arrived at the conclusion that a prize fight was to take place at Mud Knob, lost no time in acquainting their chief with the facts that had come under their observation. The chief twirled his club in deep meditation, and said he would send a man to keep a lookout on Mud Knob and vicinity.

When within a thousand feet of it he saw three men standing in a group, talking. They were soon joined by three others, at which time two of them proceeded rather warily toward the house which was being watched. The policeman saw one of them wave a towel from an upstairs back window. No sooner had he done so, than three men of the party proceeded to the house and were admitted.

The chief was now satisfied that he would secure big game before many hours. He smiled all over, and deputed a number of his best men to surround Mud Knob as soon as the shades of night had fallen. One of them crawled on all-fours along the snow, looked through a cellar-window, and saw by the light of a candle a couple of boxes of beer and a number of bottles containing liquids of a more potent character.

They then heard a shout from within, such as might have greeted a knock-down, and proceeded hurriedly to the dining-room windows only to discover that they were closely curtained. This only served to confirm their gravest suspicions; and, when some one within shouted: "That was a good one!" they felt justified in forcing an entrance. The chief was by this time on hand, overflowing with official importance, and, with the others tried, every window without being able to gain a glimpse of what was going on within. Just at this moment a man appeared at the entrance of the place and inquired of a policeman who, by the way, was in ordinary street dress:

"Is this Mud Knob?"

"This is it," replied the policeman.

"I'm late, but trust the sport is not all over."

The policeman reported this to his confreres, and when the door was opened they adroitly entered to capture the party.

"What does all this mean?" asked the head of the house.

"It means that we have come up here to stop the fight."

"Stop which fight?" asked the Master of Mud Knob.

"Don't be too innocent."

"Walk right in then, and see the fight," said the proprietor politely, at the same time drawing the portière aside; "step right in!"

The policemen did so only to find about ten men dining.

"What's all this, anyhow?"

"A dinner. It does n't look much like a fight, does it?"

"No," replied the policemen, in chorus, laughing and trying to make the best of the ludicrous situation into which they had precipitated themselves; "this dinner is a genuine surprise to us."

"It is also a genuine surprise to me; and it was all planned a month ago. Now, how did you come to think there was a fight?"

"Because of the suspicious manner in which your guests approached the house."

"Their manner of entering," said the host laughing, "was arranged to get them into the house without my knowledge. My wife sent me up in the garret to look for a hammer that does n't exist; and one of the party

jumped into the bath-tub, boots and all, and, suddenly raising the window, waved a couple of towels at the expectant crowd, to let it know that the coast was clear. And when I saw my friends, I can safely say that I never met with a pleasanter surprise."

"Well," said the cops, like big-hearted white men; "the drinks are on us."

"Not to-night," replied the host; "here is some of the honest old Blue Grass, that makes the humblest Kentuckian a colonel as soon as it strikes the right spot. And I think it just the thing to take when you wish a man good luck on his birthday."

The policemen were of the same opinion, and when they and their compatriots had taken three fingers each, they started back to the railroad station, probably to be on hand to prevent any light-fingered gentleman from stepping up and walking away with a locomotive.

R. K. Munkittrick.



## CLOSURE.

LILY WHITE.—Did you have many offers during the Summer?  
PHOEBE BIRD.—Many? Why, I had to limit the proposal speeches to five minutes!



THE WIDE AWAKE M. D.



HOUGH THE people loudly bawl, and say the times are out of joint,  
I have had a splendid Summer from a business standpoint.  
I have gathered many shekels, and I'm feeling rich and gay,  
Though I've lingered in the city with my patients all away.

To a spot I sent those patients, who would be with vigor blest —

To a spot serene and bracing, to recuperate and rest.  
And I sent my silent partner to that spot to rake the V,  
Which accounts for my big income in July and August. See?

R. K. M.

NEVER GOT OVER IT.

WING. — Do you know that some of the United States Senators were once poor boys?

KING. — Yes; district messenger boys, I guess.

A SUGGESTION.

POLITICUS. — It was a mistake to call that last commerce destroyer "Minneapolis."

POPULUS. — What would you have called it?

POLITICUS. — "Protection."

QUALIFIED.

DUSTY RHODES. — I think it is an infernal shame that I don't get a pension.

MRS. DOGOOD. — I did n't know you were entitled to one.

DUSTY RHODES. — Well, I be; I've done nothin' all my life but soldier.



NO, INDEED!

Thus, in the Summer Girl's defence,  
I firmly take my stand:

"It's not because she's wicked she  
Has been so badly tanned."

THE ONLY WAY.

FOGGS. — Grover Cleveland was elected by one of the biggest majorities ever given for a President.

BOGGS. — And what does that signify? Were n't they all Democrats? This country will never be safe until the President is elected by a majority of the Republicans, Democrats not voting.

THE COURAGE OF HIS CONVICTIONS.

SHE. — Papa says it is the duty of the rich to economize in these hard times, if only to set the poor a good example.

HE. — Does he practice what he preaches?

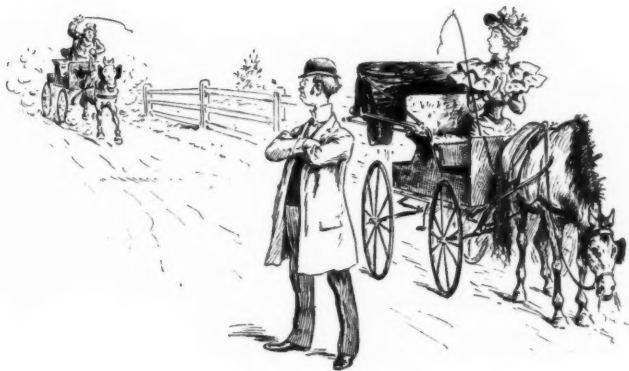
SHE. — Yes; he has discharged half the hands in the factory.

A RISING STAR.

MANAGER. — Our arrangements are nearly complete; but we have n't been able to find a satisfactory soubrette.

FRIEND — Tried Senator Pepper?

AN ERRONEOUS IMPRESSION.



ELOPING LOVER. — We can go no further! Your father will overtake us in a moment; — but do not fear; I will face him — he shall never separate us!



A COWARDLY ADVANTAGE.

NORA LEAF (doing her calisthenics) — That was real mean of you, Mr. Hummer, to kiss me by force when I had both hands occupied and could n't defend myself!

FROM "THE HAWVILLE CLARION."

Mrs. Windbagger, the Amazon of the Alliance party, delivered an address at the Town Hall, last Friday night, in which she fiercely attacked Our Savior, the President of the United States, and the editor of this paper, neither of whom was present nor in the habit of attending such meetings. In fact, she treated all three of us like crippled step-sons; even her husband, who crouched at the back of the room, nursing the twins, is said to have looked sorry for us. Mrs. Windbagger is indeed appropriately called the Amazon of the Alliance; the Amazon has a mouth 150 miles wide.

HIS METHOD.

PIKE. — Are you aware that your candidate for Assembly is an escaped convict?

DYKE. — Oh, yes; he refers to his escape as a complete vindication.

A STRIKE MOTTO — Uphold Your "Hands," or Hold Up Your Hands!

IT WOULD be a good thing if some of the men who are rifling trains could be shotgunned.

"SPOILING, FOR A FIGHT" — The Burnt Dinner.

THE PRACTICAL politician is a man who takes more pride in his influence than in his integrity.



HER FATHER. — I just came after you to bring a few things that Melinda forgot to take; — and, when you get settled, her mother and I would like to come and spend the Fall and Winter with you.



AMERICA'S PROUD "FOUR HUNDRED" AND EUROPE'S HAUGHTY "NOB"





Y "NOBILITY"—AND THE ANCESTORS THEY ARE ALWAYS BOASTING OF.  
 —What are these mortals be!

## THE INSURANCE AGENT.

"**H**ERE AGAIN?" groaned the merchant.  
 "Here again!" hissed the insurance agent, with a gleeful glare.  
 "Now, let me show you our new table of patent adjustable compound interest bearing tontine —"  
 "As I have told you — h'm! — let me see —"

"Yes, I know; eight hundred and forty-one times before."

"As I have told you eight hundred and forty-one times before, I am insured already, and am crippling my creditors to keep the premium paid up. I can not afford to insure in another company."

"You can. You must. You shall!"

"Really, sir, the adoption of this tone in my own office —"

"Makes you think you will insure, after all."

"No."

"You may as well give in. From my boyhood I have held as my motto: 'Persistence is always rewarded.'"

"And you intend to persist?"

"I shall visit you every day until our company writes a policy for you."

The merchant bowed his head and furtively brushed away a tear. "Believe me," he said; "I appreciate your efforts, but may it not be that two people can be persistent? There was once a bald-headed man — the fact that your cheek has spread up into your scalp puts me in mind of this incident — who suffered greatly from flies. One day a large blue-bottle alighted on his crown and began to tickle him. He drove him away; but the fly, saying to himself, 'Persistence is always rewarded,' returned. Again and again he was driven off, and again and again he returned. Finally, the bald man allowed him to settle and get a firm hold, when he cautiously raised his hand and — Pardon me; there are flies on you." And, rushing on the agent with a club, he dealt him a dozen terrific blows on the head, then fell into his chair with a sigh of relief.

"Thanks!" said the agent, who had been sunk in thought. "And did the man kill the fly?"

"He did," replied the merchant.

"Ah! Perhaps you intend some day to put this parable into practice?"

"I confess, I did intend to."

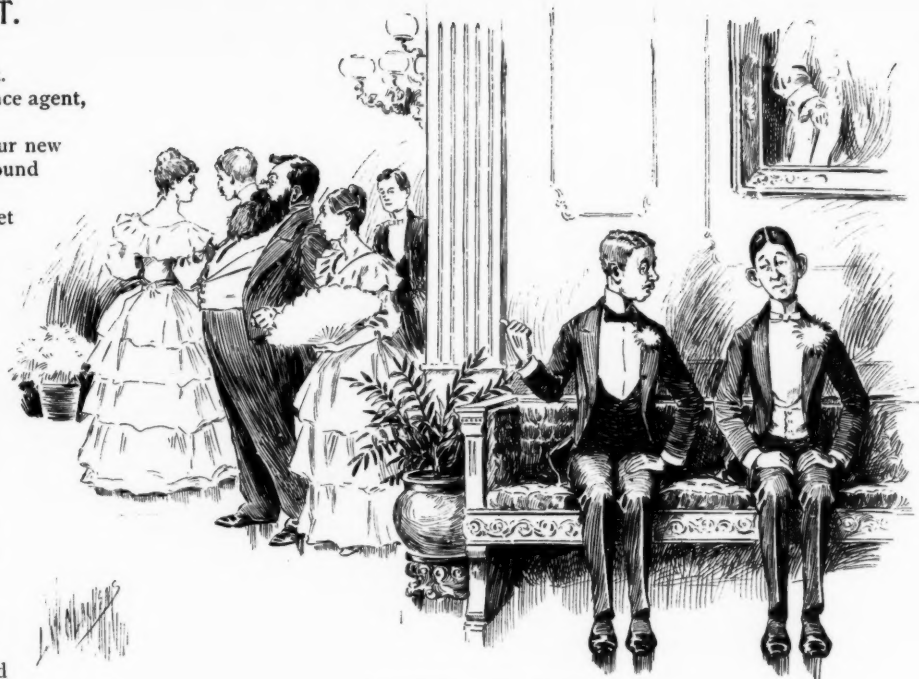
"In that case may be I'd better keep away; but before I go let me take your application —"



## CAUTIOUS.

DEALER. — Yes; I'll kill them for you and send them home.

VERY NEW HOUSEWIFE (hesitatingly). — Well, if you are positively sure they are fresh, you may. My husband will only eat fowl when it is fresh.



## ACCOUNTED FOR.

IT. — Stwikes me wather stwange that — er — youah fathah should have such a luxuriant growth of — er — whiskah, and you, deah boy, should have not even a suspicion of moustache, ah!

THE OTHER. — Nothing stwange, old chap; take awfiah me mothah, ye know.

## NEEDS WINDING.

TAGLEIGH. — My stomach is as good as a watch. It always tells me when it is dinner-time.

WAGLEIGH. — My stomach is like a watch, too; but it does n't announce dinner.

TAGLEIGH. — How 's that?

WAGLEIGH. — It's all run down.

## TRUE TO LIFE.

BANGS. — Buskin is, without doubt, the most realistic and artistic actor in the world.

FANGS. — Why do you think so?

BANGS. — When the audience called for him after his death scene, he was carried before the curtain in a coffin.

## NOT PRECIPITATE.

TICKER. — How do you like your new clerk?

BONDER. — Well, he figures two months' interest at six per cent., as if he were calculating the approach of the next comet.



PUCK'S ILLUSTRATED DEFINITIONS.  
 "THICK AND FAST."

PROMETHEUS, who filched fire from heaven, got but an indifferent reward for giving jobs to French chefs, the Fire Department, and old-fashioned parsons.

THE GOOD fellow who is his own enemy should let his charity begin at home.

"A FIGHTING CHANCE FOR HIS LIFE" — When Doctors Disagree.

BLESSINGS ARE like children; not so much appreciated when they are plenty.

"MONEY TALKS, you know."

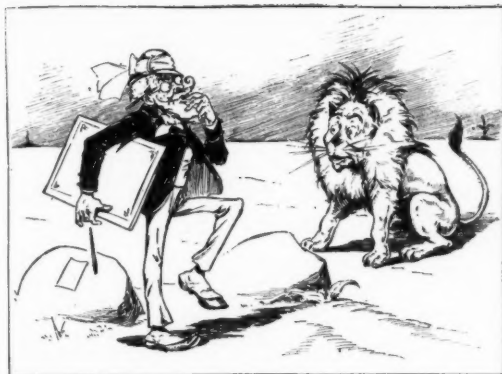
"Yes; and its language is frequently mint sauce."

MISS ORIENT. — How is society in the West?

MISS OCCIDENT. — Booming! The country seems to be especially adapted for it. For instance, there's the grand old Missouri, which furnishes water for pink teas that needs no artificial coloring whatever.



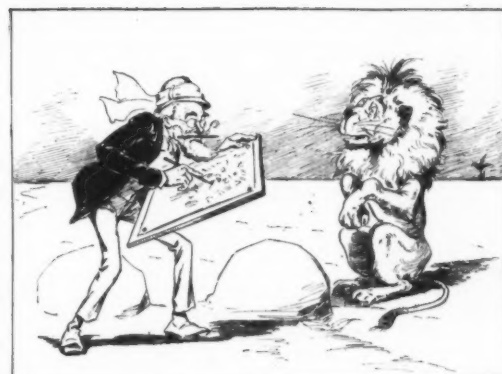
## PRESENCE OF MIND.



D'AUBER.—Heavens, a lion! I am lost!



—“Say! I'll make a fine picture of you, if you will sit for me—



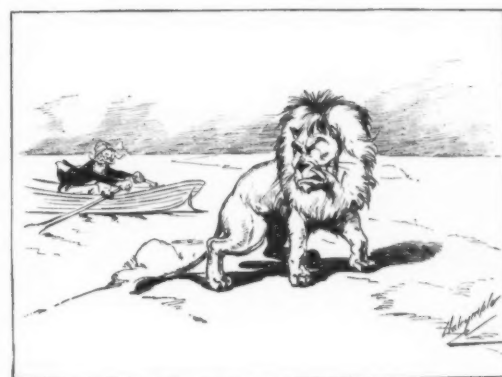
—“Ahem! Your front face is a little too big for the paper; just turn one side.—



—“Ah! your profile is perfect. Don't move 'till I tell you.—



—“Jove! that was a narrow escape.—



—“Now you can turn around.”

## THE ELEVATED BRAKEMAN.



IN THE platform, in the rain, of the elevated train,  
With one hand upon the bell-rope, there he stands;  
One foot dangling in the air, one foot resting anywhere,  
Shrieking forth in discord harsh his wild commands;  
Jammed and hustled all about by new-comers, hear him shout:  
“Plenty of room up forward—move along!”  
While the living sardine-box groans and creaks and sweats and rocks  
As he gives the starting signal with his gong.  
Oh! the horrors and the sorrows of the elevated train!  
How he packs it in the rain, fills it o'er and o'er again,  
Till your muscles rack with pain as you strive with might and main  
To retain your fleeting foothold in that elevated train!

See him stow them nicely in, short and stocky, tall and thin;  
Always room for other idiots when they come;  
They're of every race and nation and of every class and station,  
From the banker to the wretched slave of rum;  
There are Irish, Scotch and Prussians, Hebrews, Hottentots and Russians,  
Ragged tramps and lovely maidens side by side;  
And the crowding never ceases as the mighty throng increases,  
For packing is the brakeman's chiefest pride.  
Oh! the horrors and the sorrows of the elevated train!  
Babies howling in their pain, women scowling as the rain  
From umbrellas drips to stain their apparel rich or plain;  
Oh, it's torture most infernal once to ride in such a train!

He is always in a hurry, but he never seems to worry,  
He is happy in this surging human tide;  
As he steps upon your toes with a scorn of others woes,  
He will order you to fight your way inside.  
See them hanging on the straps, shooting into people's laps,  
As you sail full speed around a sudden curve!  
If you seek to make exit, he will never wait a bit,  
For the brakeman is a man of mighty nerve.  
Oh! the horrors and the sorrows of the elevated train!  
When you're riding in the rain with an overheated brain;  
For all efforts to retain your perpendicular prove vain  
In that ever-crowded, curving, coiling elevated train!

E. Frank Lintaber.

[T IS all right to keep up hope; but when you realize that it's a bubble, what's the use of blowing till you burst it?

WHETHER YOU'RE Jekyll or Hyde depends very much on which lawyer is addressing the jury.

## WHAT'S IN A NAME?

VISITOR.—Sorry to find you here, old chap; badly hurt?

PATIENT.—Yes, I am afraid I am; I heard the Doctor say I was a “beautiful case.”

YOU MAY talk about woman's hair,  
With its shimmering light, and all that;  
But, consider it well and fair,  
And her crowning glory 's her hat.



## A BRIGHT BOY.

KIND OLD GENTLEMAN.—And that is your brother? He appears to be a very bright little fellow.

BOY (*proudly*).—You bet he is! He kin swear like a car-driver. Curse fer th' gent, Mickey.




**WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK.**

**Creamy—**  
Soft—rich lather—healing properties.  
Beautiful case—dainty—exquisite odor—(attar of roses)—

These are some of the reasons why the most fastidious persons prefer WILLIAMS' to all other Shaving Sticks.

**AT ALL DRUG STORES.**

**WILLIAMS'—GENUINE**  
"Jersey Cream" Toilet Soap **25c.**  
Try it for Rough Hands—Heals—Softens—Beautifies.



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**Gentlemen's Garter.**

The easiest and best garter ever worn. Always clean, always the same tension. Ask your dealer for them, or send to

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PRICE, 25 Cents.



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LONG hair is the sign of Genius that can't earn enough to pay a barber.—*World's Fair Puck.*

**FRAY BENTOS**  
is a town in Uruguay, South America, on the river Platte. It would not be celebrated except that it is where the celebrated

**Liebig Company's**  
**EXTRACT OF BEEF**

comes from, and in the fertile grazing fields around it, are reared the cattle which are slaughtered—1,000 to 2,000 a day—to make this famous product, which is known 'round the world as the standard for

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soups for the million.

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Sample can mailed on receipt of postage, 14 cents. All grocers have them.

Chicken, Chicken Gumbo, Mulligatawny, Mock Turtle, Ox Tail, Consommé, Tomato, French Bouillon, Julienne, Printanier, Mutton Broth, Vegetable, Beef, Pea, Clam Chowder, Clam Broth, Pearl Tapioca.



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West Broadway & Franklin Street, New York.

### THE BLOT ON THE 'SCUTCHEON.



ALGY (who is a little short of funds, and sees sign).—Now, Miss Smithers, here is something we should see.

In the preface to "Made in France," H. C. Bunner has expressed a regret that Guy de Maupassant, that brilliant and melancholy Frenchman, has never been satisfactorily and creditably translated. Mr. Bunner's object in writing this book is to give some of De Maupassant's stories to American readers. They are not translations, they are simply "Americanized." Though the creations are De Maupassant's the style is Bunner's, and we are all well-acquainted with that quaint humor and originality. It is undoubtedly true that the peculiarity of De Maupassant's works, being of a purely local coloring, offers a formidable barrier to the translator. Those who can not read the Frenchman in the original can have the benefit of some of his brightest inventions in the little book "Made in France." Mr. Bunner's object has certainly been attained. What Frenchman could translate this American author? The book is published by Keppler & Schwarzmann, New York.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The most efficacious stimulant to excite the appetite is Angostura Bitters, the genuine of Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons. At your druggist's.

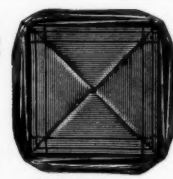
ALGY (on closer view of sign)—Ah—er—Miss Smithers, it really is n't worth going in; let's go farther down the Plaisance.—*World's Fair Puck.*



**OVER 120,000 SOLD.**  
**THE PARAGON PAT. FOLDING COIN PURSE.**  
The most roomy and least bulky purse made. Ask your dealer for it, or I will send you sample at following prices, post-paid:

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3x	10.00 "	Seal	\$0.75
2x	15.00 "	"	1.00
1x	20.00 "	"	1.25
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Sole Manufacturer, **JAMES S. TOPHAM,**  
1231 Pennsylvania Ave. N. W., Washington, D. C.  
Please mention PUCK. Send 4c. for Catalogue.  
Makes a very acceptable present to a Gentleman or Lady.



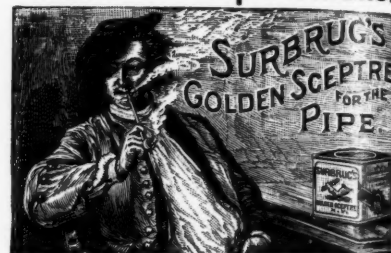
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When an honest manufacturer who *knows* every detail about a Piano, after every honest effort to make it so, concludes that this is the **BEST**, he will be believed. The *best* Piano is the

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—one is particularly susceptible to  
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At such times,  
**CALISAYA  
LA RILLA**  
is an indispensable  
tonic, prompt in  
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cious to the taste.  
Of all druggists.



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with pneumatic tires saves  
muscle and nerves and is  
luxury indeed. You want  
the best. Investigate. We  
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Common powders have a vulgar glare. Pozzo-  
ni's is the only Complexion Powder fit for use.



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HELENE.—"It was given me by Mr. Primley, of Chicago. He has a list of over 1,700 books, which he gives away  
to the people who buy his Chewing Gum. All you have to do is to send him five outside wrappers of either California  
Fruit or California Pepsin Chewing Gum and two 2-cent stamps, and he will send you any book on the list. I have  
just finished Stevenson's 'Master of Ballantrae' and am about sending for Miss Brannon's 'Lady Audley's Secret.'"  
EUNICE.—"I shall save the wrappers after this. George brought me some of the Gum the other evening, but I  
didn't know about the books. The Gum is just delicious; such a splendid fruit flavor."

WHY MR. PROSPECT PARKE EN-  
JOYED THE FAIR SO MUCH.



IN BROOKLYN.

HAD SEEN THEM AT  
HOME.

MRS. JAGGS.—Now, Hi-  
ram, let's go over and see  
the movin' sidewalks.

HIRAM JAGGS (coloring).  
—Mariar, I'm ashamed of  
ye!—*World's Fair Puck.*

"THE balloon went into  
the hands of a receiver," read  
Capt. Anson, — "well, I'd  
like to sign that receiver for  
second base."—*World's Fair  
Puck.*

THE string tied around  
one's finger is sometimes on-  
ly a sort of forget-me knot.  
—*World's Fair Puck.*

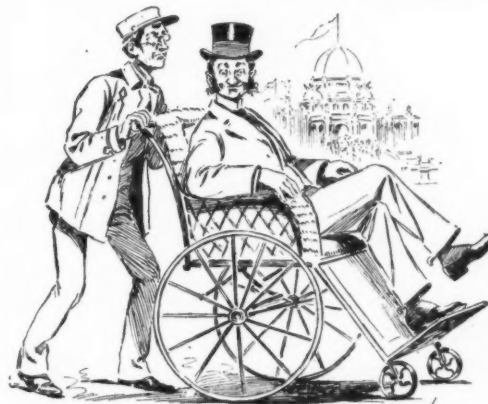
HE HAS A VERY SWEET ONE.  
MISS HILL.—What air do you  
suppose the bee is humming, as he  
flies away to his hive?

MR. BUNKER.—I think it must be  
"Home, Sweet Home."—*World's  
Fair Puck.*

THE toast of the evening is often  
taken with a little weak tea.  
—*World's Fair Puck.*

CRIMINAL NEGLECT — Stealing  
the Spoons and Overlooking the  
Forks. — *World's Fair Puck.*

Starved to Death  
in midst of plenty. Unfortunate, unneces-  
sary, yet we hear of it often. Infants thrive  
physically and mentally when properly fed.  
The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed  
Milk is undoubtedly the safest and best infant  
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IN CHICAGO.

—*World's Fair Puck.*

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**INDIGESTION**

Each tablet contains one grain  
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CAUTION.—See that the name BEEMAN is on each wrapper.  
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DIED GAME — The Small Hot Bird. — *World's  
Fair Puck.*

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Cleaners. Entirely new, sells to every housekeeper. Also our  
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Sharpeners. No capital required. Easy sellers, big profits.  
CLAUSS SHEAR CO., Fremont, O., and Kansas City, Missouri.

If marriage is a lottery, alimony is a gambling  
debt. — *World's Fair Puck.*



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AT HOME THAN IS  
SERVED OVER ANY  
BAR IN THE WORLD.

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HOLLAND GIN,  
TOM GIN and  
VERMOUTH.

We guarantee  
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be made of abso-  
lutely pure and well  
matured liquors,  
and the mixing  
equal to the best  
cocktails served  
over any bar in the  
world; being com-  
pounded in accurate  
proportions, they  
will always be  
found of uniform  
quality, and, blend-  
ing thoroughly, are  
superior to those  
mixed as wanted.

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HASTEN, all ye gray-beards, sage!  
You who've studied Nature's page  
For elixirs that will give  
Us the power to longer live —  
For the potion that shall drive  
Care away and make us thrive  
Years beyond our rightful life  
In this world of care and strife.

Would you know the secret dear?  
PUCK will give it to you here.  
PUCK has found that long-lived folks,  
Wise or simple, like his jokes.  
So it seems the simple truth,  
If you wish to prolong youth,  
You must learn to laugh with PUCK.  
If you don't, we fear you're stuck.

PUCK has here come back again  
With his CROP OF PICKINGS TEN,  
Full of just the sort of thing  
That will make your cares take wing.  
Hasten quickly, while you may!  
Seize the chance and thank the day  
That brought you this boon immense  
All for five and twenty cents.



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at the expense of the Body. While we drive the brain we must build up the body. Exercise, pure air—foods that make healthy flesh—refreshing sleep—such are methods. When loss of flesh, strength and nerve become apparent your physician will doubtless tell you that the quickest builder of all three is

## Scott's Emulsion

of Cod Liver Oil, which not only creates flesh of and in itself, but stimulates the appetite for other foods.

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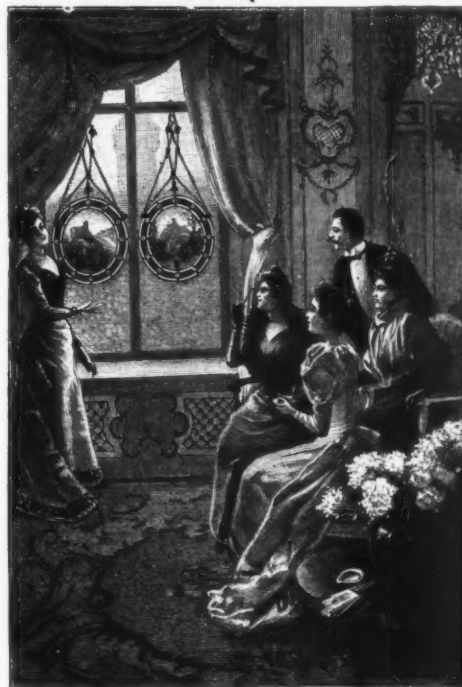
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